NEW YORK JOURNAL
AND ADVERTISER.

W. R. HEARST.

AN AMERICAN PAPER FOR THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Will James Gordon Bennett Indorse This?

Our Tenderloin contemporary, the Herald, is anxious for the passage of a law to prevent it from committing the various crimes that now bring it in a very handsome income every day. To aid it in the accomplishment of this laudable desire the Journal has asked one of the best law firms in the city to draw up a suitable bill, and the following has been offered as one that will hold against any legal attack, and that precisely covers the Herald's case:

AN ACT:

For the protection of public morality by the suppression of vicious publications.

The people of the State of New York, represented in Senate and Assembly, do enact as follows:

Section 1.—The publication in any newspaper or periodical of any of the following classes of matter is hereby declared to be a felony:

Advertisements, inserted by men or women, inviting communications from persons of the opposite sex with manifestly immoral intentions, whether the alleged object be matrimony or not.

Advertisements in which the advertiser asks the acquaintance of some person of the opposite sex casually observed in a street car, theatre or other public place.

Advertisements of help or situations wanted, nominally as housekeeper, nurse, companion, governess, stenographer or in any other legitimate capacity, but really, by plain implication, for immoral purposes.

Advertisements purporting to recommend manicure, massage or bath operators, but really understood by common notoriety to relate to immoral practices.

Advertisements of rooms to let, framed in terms conveying an understanding that they are to be used for immoral purposes.

News articles, alleged to describe actual events, but known at the time of publication to be false.

Articles containing indecent details of scandals, whether true or false.

Section 2.—Any person directly responsible for the publication of any matter described in the foregoing paragraphs shall be guilty of a felony. The proprietor of any newspaper or periodical in which such matter may appear shall be held personally responsible for such felony, unless he shall be able to prove that it was committed contrary to his orders, and if he shall be residing abroad and shall refuse to return for trial he shall be considered a fugitive from justice, and it shall be the duty of the Governor to demand his extradition.

Mr. Bennett has said editorially that he would welcome a law that should compel his Herald to be decent. He has declared himself in favor of preventing by legislation the publication of such shameful advertisements as he alone is guilty of printing.

Will Mr. Bennett support the passage of the law outlined here?

Will he cease destroying for cash the lives of foolish women? Will he reform if laws are passed to compel him to? Or will he fight extradition and continue to spend at Monte Carlo the money which comes to him "Two dollars per insertion" from creatures who use his newspaper for criminal purposes?

We ask for an early answer to this question. The Herald shall not continue indefinitely to defy decency and the law.

One valuable result of such legislation might be the improvement of the Herald's quality as a newspaper. It has pained us to observe that our contemporary is not as good in this respect as it used to be. The circumstance that libertines and blackmailers are willing to buy it for its advertising columns should not make it overlook the fact that other classes of readers want to know what is going on in the world.

The Herald did not publish an account of the Mazet Committee's inquiry into its vicious personals and Mayor Van Wyck's denunciation of their immorality, although this was actual news, very different from the phantom conspiracy to murder Policeman O'Keefe. Our contemporary's silence in this matter was in melancholy contrast to the enterprise of its earlier days, when it took pride in publishing the best account of the horsewhipping of its proprietor on the street, and exulted in the possession of news facilities that enabled it to print details that were inaccessible to any other newspaper.

THE SEA FOR THE PEOPLE.

In hundreds of churches in Greater New York to-day the proposed park at Coney Island will be advocated. The good people of this city could not apply their energies to a nobler purpose. The power to accomplish this thing is really in their hands. When they combine in a righteous cause their voice becomes that most potent of all influences, public opinion, against which neither private greed nor official indifference can prevail.

We must make this demonstration so earnest and so overwhelming that the few minor voices that have been raised against the Coney Island park will be forever silenced.

It is an enterprise that calls for no direct individual expenditure, but its benefits will extend to every citizen. Whatever makes for the comfort of the suffering or the uplifting of those who are doomed to live in squalor is a distinct gain to the whole community.

The destroying heat of the past week was only a forerunner of what the Summer has in store for us. Disease and death lurk in the overcrowded tenement districts for the babes and the tired mothers. What a blessing it would be if they could have a beautiful park at the sea shore, with free baths, and all the little delights that make the children happy, shade trees, the right to dig in the sand or roll in the grass, to use the swings and to have a real holiday outing, free from the dirt and vice of the Coney Island Bowery!

ADVICE TO COLLEGE GRADUATES.

Have Social Ideals, and Stand Up for Them---By Laurence Gronlund.

GOVERNOR ROOSEVELT, on receiving his doctor's degree from Columbia University, delivered an address to the graduates, in which he gave them some good advice. But we do not think he struck the nail right on the head. This we shall attempt to do here.

He said, very truly, "You should realize that you have had no special privileges conferred on you by your advantages, but rather a heavy responsibility." Yes, but in what does that "heavy responsibility" principally consist? This he did not make clear.

Let us, however, at the start, remark that the very first thing the college graduate must do if he wants to be a useful citizen is to get rid of his conceit. We know how this is ourselves. He must entirely discard the notion that because he has learned some Latin and Greek he has got better blood in his veins than others. This is a hideous delusion, and, like all delusions, will undo him if he persists in it.

But now we come to our main point, the principal mistake, which he very likely will commit, but which he must avoid. Every ambitious young man naturally looks upon his elders as models. To his father and grandfather, if they have been successful in life; if not, to other men whose names have become famous in his lifetime. This in the abstract is perfectly natural. Nevertheless we say that if our educated young men begin by taking our present rich men for models they will commit their fundamental mistake.

In the first place, these rich men of ours have had opportunities which our young men never will have; it will not be possible for the latter to imitate the former. But now comes the principal reason. This nineteenth century has undoubtedly been a grand century. But it cannot be denied that individualism has given it its principal tone. And this was perfectly right, for without this individualism we could not possibly in one century have conquered a whole continent, as we have done. But this work is now performed, and, further, it must be allowed that individualism does not evolve the very highest type of men.

No, the new century is to be a very different one from the nineteenth century. And that is why a college graduate at the dawn of the twentieth century and in the United States may, if he wants to, occupy the most enviable position that any one ever occupied in the world's history.

There is only one period in the past that can be compared with the coming century, and that is the sixteenth century. What a glorious time that was! Those who were then living proudly called it the "renaissance," or "re-nascence," as Matthew Arnold has styled it—the time of "rebirth." And truly people then felt themselves "born again." They experienced a new glory in existence and felt a new love for their race; indeed, they felt themselves to be giants, capable of accomplishing anything.

Now, the twentieth century will be such another glorious time. And the United States is the most glorious of all countries, simply because it is a democracy.

A democracy needs ambitious young men. We trust that our present college graduates are ambitious men. But what kind of ambition have they? There is an ambition to make money and shine in society; this is simply contemptible. There is another ambition—that to serve society, and that is the noblest of all passions. This is the ambition with which we trust our college graduates are animated—the ambition to become useful public servants.

Don't serve a class, a clique, but serve the people!

Now we come to your "heavy responsibilities."

First, the education you have received ought to enable you to discern the sign of the times. Do this!

During this century the cunning, the unscrupulous, the smart fellows, have at all times taken advantage of the simple, the honest and the unpractical citizens. The twentieth century will be the period of co-operation. It is co-operation that will make this world into a paradise.

You, college men, should know that now we have learned that history is a record of man's orderly and regular evolution. Now we can do what we never could do before—draw a horoscope of the coming century. We know whither we are going, whither Providence is leading us.

You must know that co-operation is the goal.

Then, secondly—and that is the heaviest of your responsibilities—have the moral courage to stand up for your convictions!

Don't be afraid of names! As this century was that of individualism, so the twentieth century will be that of socialism, or of collectivism, as we prefer to call it. Don't be afraid of those names. Lord Salisbury has already told you that to call a measure "socialistic" is no longer any objection to it.

But help our people to go slowly! Help them to grow into, to be evolved into, to be educated into the new state of affairs.

And, thirdly, see to it that individuality be upheld and respected! You, by your education, should especially represent individuality.

Observe, however, that there is really a great difference between "individualism" and "individuality." They, in fact, are opposites.

Finally, you must know that politics is the means whereby the great reforms that are needed must be accomplished. Now we have one party that has the brains, but no good will, as far as the masses are concerned, and another party that has the good will and not the brains.

It is for you to create a party that has both brains and good will.

LAURENCE GRONLUND.

See That You Don't Belong to the Dangerous Classes---By Samuel E. Moffett.

THIS is the season of good advice to college graduates. To have really the best effect, however, the advice ought to be addressed to the young men about four years before they graduate, and it ought to include their professors and parents.

It is generally admitted that the times are more or less out of joint. Every commencement address dilates upon evils in public life, and calls upon the young warriors just going into the world, equipped in the panoply of the higher learning, to fight manfully against these threatening ills. Bosses and political heelers are generally specified as the enemies of society against whom the college graduates are expected to take arms, and there are frequent exhortations to lay aside the fastidiousness of culture and "attend the primaries" to do battle for good government.

This is well as far as it goes, but it does not strike at the real root of the evil. The actual situation may be made clear by a bit of catechism:

What are the most "dangerous classes" in American society?

Those responsible for the worst evils that afflict our people.

What is one of our worst evils?

Corrupt government.

Who are responsible for corrupt government?

The men who have money to spend in buying favors.

What classes have money to spend in this way?

The financially successful classes, whose young men all go to college.

Against whom, then, should college graduates be particularly warned?

Themselves.

It is a pathetic spectacle of well-meant futility to see rich and educated young men pottering about the primaries in a helpless effort to keep their own political tools from selling out to themselves.

Let these principles be impressed upon every student, not only upon his graduation, but all through his college course, and in vacation times at home:

If you are going to be a lawyer, don't put your conscience at the disposal of any rich individual or corporation that can offer you a good fee to invent methods of defrauding the public.

If you are a director in a railroad company, don't go to a meeting of your Good Government club to protest against betrayals of the people by boodle officials while your agents are hiring those same officials to commit the crimes you denounce.

If the so-called "good citizens" did not debauch our government it would not be debauched, for they are the men who have the money to pay for corruption.

This is the moral lesson that needs to be taught in our colleges. Not how the poor little rascals that do political work on street corners and in saloons can be kept from yielding to temptation, but how the rich and powerful and well educated can restrain themselves from putting temptation in their way. Let the "good citizens" reform themselves, and the bad citizens will have to become good from lack of any inducement to be otherwise.

Many of the present enemies of the commonwealth are "self-made men," who have accumulated their riches without the advantage of a college education, but they all send their sons to college. Perhaps, if their instructors do their duty, the new generation may be more scrupulous than the old, and wealth in its hands may be a blessing instead of a menace to the State.

Why not cultivate the imaginations of the ardent young men whose characters are ready to take the impress of the mould? Let them realize the baseness of living as pernicious parasites on society, taking everything and giving nothing, destroying the vitality of the social organism that supports them, and, like the San Jose scale, good for nothing but to be scrubbed off with whale-oil soap.

Develop ambition. The man who makes himself truly great necessarily does good to others. The one who accumulates millions without doing good to others makes a pitiful failure of his life. The college graduate wants success. There is only one way to get it, and that the honest and unselfish way.

SAMUEL E. MOFFETT.

THE COLLAPSE OF DEVERY.

The most ridiculous figure at the Jeffries-Fitzsimmons prize fight was William Devery, Chief of Police. He was at the ring side, according to promise, but he saw nothing that called for interference. He describes it as a "scientific, game and spirited struggle."

This is the same Chief Devery who was going to stop the fight the instant the first hard blow was struck, and who intended to arrest both men whenever a knockdown was scored. Many hard blows were exchanged and Fitzsimmons was knocked down repeatedly, but the Chief of Police redeemed none of his boastful pledges. He sat silent and unabashed.

Chief Devery disgraces his high office. He is a creature of the politicians. They put him where he is for a purpose, and a weaker, more subservient vessel could not have been found. He tried to make the fight a financial failure under orders from the heelers whose rival athletic club has had his fostering care and protection. He crawled abjectly from the high moral stand he had taken when another political power served notice on him that he had gone too far.

Devery will not do.

WOMEN TO DISCUSS WOMEN.

By the Countess of Aberdeen.

THE International Council of Women begins its sessions in London, England, June 26. Its President is the Countess of Aberdeen, wife of the former Governor-General of Canada. Her prominence in World's Fair matters made her known to women the world over. The meeting of the organization whose head she is, will be, it is considered, the most important ever held by women.

THERE are in all some sixty meetings, extending from June 26 to July 5. The subjects affecting women have been divided into sections. Among them are "Education," "Women in Professions," "Women in Political Life," "The Legislative and Industrial Position and Work of Women," "Social Work." It will be very difficult for the visitor to make a choice between the various attractions. One's first wish is to attend everything, but that is impossible, for several of the meetings are held simultaneously; that is to say, each sectional subject will be under discussion during the entire week. And so, if a teacher or mother interested, say, in the "Psychology of Childhood," wishes to know that "The Drama Is Like as a Field for Women" or "What Women Are Doing in the Physical Sciences" she must sacrifice something. This is to be regretted, but it is inevitable.

Though separate subjects in various rooms will be discussed simultaneously, we shall all come together for certain matters of common interest. The first of these will be on the afternoon of the opening day, when it will be my pleasing duty to welcome the delegates, to receive their countrywomen's greetings to the council, and to deliver the presidential address. Business sessions of the quinquennial meeting of the International Council will bring us together on four mornings during that busy week.

Besides these, two huge public meetings are being organized; the first I am arranging myself, to be held in the Queen's Hall, when international arbitration, which is now "in the air" and fascinates us all, will be discussed. This, I believe, will be the unique meeting of the whole congress. We have sent to each national council, and from the replies anticipate an absolutely unanimous vote in favor of this "Parliament of man and the federation of the world."

Though the object of the International Council is to provide a means of communication between women's organizations in all countries, and to provide opportunities for women to meet from all parts of the world to confer upon questions relating to the welfare of the family and the commonwealth, yet it is a fundamental principle with us that we are organized "in the interest of no one propaganda." Hence it would be impossible for us to put a resolution on any subject unless it has passed the controversial stage. But international arbitration seems to be one of these advanced subjects, for what with the Czar's rescript and the conference in The Hague, there seems to be no dissentient voice.

We set our faces absolutely against controlling the free development of the women of any country. Each nation has its own characteristics of race and religion, has its own ideals and aspirations. But a good cause has nothing to fear and everything to gain by being freely discussed; for truth and justice will inevitably win ever increasing adherents.

I would like to make a special appeal to American visitors and tourists, gentlemen as well as ladies, who happen to be in England about the time of the congress. I do hope they will be able to attend some of the meetings. The cost of the tickets for the week is only $2. And, especially, I would like to have a good contingent of such American visitors at the important reception on the first night of the congress at Stafford House, the historic London residence of the Duke and Duchess of Sutherland. Delegates and invited speakers will have a special invitation, but the cost of organization is so great that we are obliged to charge others $1.25 each.

The Countess of Aberdeen.

As to the tangible result I may say two things. First, we hope to pass the resolution on international arbitration, though the congress itself, apart from any resolution, will go far to establish cordial relations between various countries. In fact, that is the object, the fundamental principle, of our constitution, for in the preamble we declare:

"We, women of all nations, sincerely believing that the best good of humanity will be advanced by greater unity of thought, sympathy and purpose, and that an organized movement of women will best conserve the highest good of the family and of the state, do hereby band ourselves together in a confederation of workers, to further the application of the Golden Rule to society, custom and law."

Second, it is my personal hope that there may be established a permanent international bureau of information, with headquarters in a cosmopolitan city, such as London, having ready communication with every country in the world where women are federated together. This will enable us to know at any moment what is being done in the way of progression, or even retrogression, in each and all of the departments of life affecting women and children. But, of course, organization always costs a great deal, and it is much easier to get money for philanthropic purposes than to propagate an ideal.

In short, we trust the congress will result in larger knowledge, sympathy and responsibility; that there will be not merely the tolerance which is intolerance, but a sisterly regard for each other. We have seen the vision of an ideal, the vision of a sisterhood scattered, indeed, all over the world, but united in very truth by the golden links of love; a sisterhood pledged to promote true unity and holy patriotism each in its own country; a sisterhood pledged to serve that country in the spirit of kinship with other countries which may well inaugurate a new era in the service of humanity.

ALAN DALE—A Lesson for Downtrodden American Playwrights.—HADDON CHAMBERS.

LONDON, June 1.—The "down-trodden American playwright," who is beginning to turn one longing, lynx-like eye Londonward, will probably be interested in the chat I had yesterday with Haddon Chambers, author of "Captain Swift," "The Idler" and "The Tyranny of Tears," which John Drew will introduce to American audiences next season. How he began, and how he got there, are questions that I tried to solve. Please remember that the London playmarket's wants are practically supplied by five men—A. W. Pinero, Haddon Chambers, Henry Arthur Jones, Sydney Grundy and R. C. Carton. The American playwright has a pretty hard tussle of it at home, thanks to these successful London men. Ergo, I picked out Haddon Chambers for an interview, Pinero being engaged just now in the pleasant task of drinking water in Germany. (After "The Gay Lord Quex" I should say that he needed a cooling draught.)

Haddon Chambers is comparatively a young man, and he has not yet begun to take himself very seriously. He is small and thin, with beady black eyes, and, like the lady in the comic song, he "always dresses in black." Mr. Chambers, of course, knows where he is, and likes to talk of "before I was known," in the agreeably reminiscent tones of the man who stands on a top rung. But he has no frills about his constitution. He is hail fellow well met, and when I told him that I wanted a story of his early struggles, just to cheer up his suffering American colleagues, who are pushed aside by his successes, he beamed upon me.

I drew the veil over Mr. Haddon Chambers's past. I loathe pasts. I didn't ask him a question about the days when he prattled at mommer's knee, because I believe that we all prattle alike. The genius is no "cuter" than the imbecile in those early days. He came to London from Australian cattle-ranching in 1882, almost friendless, not particularly enthusiastic, and with a few pounds in his pocket. His prattling days were over. He was young but serious, inexperienced yet anxious.

"I made up my mind that I would stay in London," said Mr. Chambers, as he black-coffee'd with enjoyment. "I liked the place, and I thought I could afford to look about me and see what there was to be done. I was not another Dick Whittington—or whoever the gentleman was that expected to find gold in the streets. My money soon ran low, and I think I may say that I know all the sensations of genteel starvation. It was by the merest chance, the direst coincidence, that my fortunes changed. I was riding on the top of a 'bus one day. You know in London people get very friendly on the tops of 'buses. It was at the time of the Phoenix Park affair in Ireland, and I began discussing the subject with my neighbor. Pretty soon I told him as much of my history as I have told you. He asked me why I didn't write some Australian stories for the magazines. This gave me a new idea. I went home and wrote one. It was accepted, and I got a check for £5. I couldn't afford to frame that check. I had to break into it instantly, but I quite remember what it looked like."

Mr. Chambers drank some more coffee for inspiration, and seemed happy. A successful man telling of his early struggles generally enjoys himself.

"I wrote a number of stories," he went on, "and kept the wolf from the door. One night I went to the theatre to pass away a couple of hours. To my surprise, in a one-act play, I recognized one of my own tales—uncredited, and unauthorized. It was carefully dramatized, and it seemed to go very well with the audience. As I walked home I said to myself that if other people could make stage capital from the children of my brain there was no reason why I couldn't do it myself. I set to work and wrote a little one-act play. It was called 'A Mere Cipher,' and I sold it for a song to Frank Dietz, who was then managing Rosina Vokes. Miss Vokes, I believe, produced it in America, but I have never seen it played, and I don't mind telling you in confidence that I trust I never shall. But it was odd that the first thing I wrote saw the light of day in America. But America has been very kind to me, as you will see later on."

I had a dreadful idea that Mr. Chambers was going to say, "I love dear America and the dear Americans," but he didn't, and I felt greatly relieved, because I wanted to look upon him as an original type.

"I was encouraged," he resumed, "and wrote 'Captain Swift,' which you will remember. It was the story of an American bushranger, and it met with much success here and in America. It gave me a good start, and I flattered myself that it made my name known. Tree has just revived it again, and I still get fees from it, for I never sell a play outright. It is the most foolish thing that a playwright can do. I have omitted to say that I dramatized a novel before I did 'Captain Swift,' and that it was produced. Well, you will be astonished to hear that, in spite of the success of 'Captain Swift,' my next play, 'The Idler,' hung fire. Nobody wanted it. You see how much value my 'Captain Swift' reputation gave me in London. There I was like a novice, with 'The Idler' on my hands. Again America came to my rescue. I met Mr. Daniel Frohman. I submitted 'The Idler' to him. He liked it, and I went to America to rehearse it at the Lyceum Theatre, with Kelcey, Cayvan and Effie Shannon. It was a lucky thing for me. 'The Idler' was a success in America, and London took very kindly to it after that. It was produced in London with even greater success, and it is to-day one of the most valuable pieces of property that I own.

Mr. Chambers looked at his neat patent leathers with admirable complacency. Yes, it is always cosy for a man with spotless collar and cuffs to recall the frayed out days when a washerwoman's bill was a bitter tribulation.

"After that," said Mr. Chambers, "all went well. I was established in this great metropolis. I did a 'costume play' in collaboration with somebody else, but it was not a big success. It dealt with the days of Wellington, and I longed for American appreciation. Do you know, I have come to the conclusion that 'period' plays are much more popular in America than they are in England. Americans seem to know more of English history than they do in England, and to be far more interested in the old times. I am quite sure that if 'In the Days of the Duke' had reached New York it would have made more of a hit there than it did in London. I have heard of other costume plays that have been better liked in America than in England. However, I didn't worry about it, I was too busy."

"You then wrote 'The Tyranny of Tears,'" I ventured to remark, with an eye to business and a consecutive narration.

"I had that play in my mind for three years," was the answer. "I told Wyndham about it, and he liked the idea. But I was doing a little speculation, and that disturbed me. Money-grubbing and playwriting don't go very well together, you know, and I was in no hurry. I evolved the title of 'The Tyranny of Tears' in conversation, and really wrote the play to it. I liked the phrase. It was catchy. Wyndham produced it as I wrote it. There was scarcely a change made from my original manuscript, and"——

"It is one of the successes of the London season," I put in—for when I can say a pleasant thing I like to say it, although there are people who allege otherwise.

Mr. Chambers smiled indulgently. "It is a trifle," he said. "You may not call it a sex play, but I do. It deals with the jealous, tearful wife who makes her husband's life miserable. I may know something about this subject. I believe I do, I"——

He paused, and I rushed him away from personality. "What I couldn't understand about the play," I bleated, "was that a jealous wife should deliberately plant a feminine typewriter right in her very household."

Mr. Chambers laughed. "Jealous women are peculiar," he said. "They begin by being more jealous of their husbands' friends than of the women friends. They dread the man who takes the husband from home to the club and drinks with him and carouses with him and gradually undermines his domestic instinct. It was to avoid this that Mrs. Parbury engaged Miss Hyacinth Woodward for the position of typewriter."

This sounded plausible, but not convincing. Still, it was interesting to hear how Mr. Chambers got around what I considered one of the defects of his play and it will give American readers an inkling of the playwright's logic, to be remembered when they see "The Tyranny of Tears."

I had now got him down to his last fee—also his last cup of coffee—and I felt that my duty was accomplished. Mr. Chambers insists that there is no "ring" in London, and that every play submitted to a manager is read. While I can't quite credit this myself, still, coming from the lips of one of London's most successful dramatists, it is worth chronicling.

And so I say to the budding Shakspeares of Skowhegan, Oshkosh, Prairie du Chien, Wis., and Jersey City—send your wares to the English metropolis and try your luck over here. Perhaps a manuscript rejected in New York may be rejected less acridly in London. A manuscript accepted in London—well, I will not buoy you up with false hopes. But faint heart never won fair lady. It is just as well to try.

(N. B.—I feel I may possibly ward of those constant readers who beg me to read their plays by this very general suggestion).

ALAN DALE.

LADY STANLEY'S SURPRISE.

"SUSPI-IA"—by the wife of the Explorer, the most notable exhibit in the New Gallery, London.